BY MRS. A. L. BUTER DUPOUR.

Softly in the arms of Autumn Summer closed her brilliant eye, Clothed in roles of regal splendor, As a reigning queen should die. Not one line of beauty faded From the glory of her form; Pulses springing in full vigor, Heart still throbbing high and warm. Forest rich with emerald vesture, Singing waters, gushing streams, Lovely blossoms, fragrant zephyrs,

Of Italia's climate golden; Birds of song and plumage rare; Thus expired queenty Summer, Urown'd with all things bright and fair. Antumn now, in garments gorgeous As the carnivals of old, Comes with stately steps triumphant, Bearing luscious fruits of gold. Honors to the true, brave Summer, While her children dance around, To the wind's melodious piping And the woodlands' mellow sound. Merry hearts and cheerful voices Chant the chorus lond and clear, Peace and hope, with hands united Bless the fruitful, passing year.

IN THE WOODS. The sun is savage in sultry hollows,
The hill-side quivers with pulsing heat:
With dusty wings the drooping swallows
Are dotting the fence that lines the street. I leave the town with its hundred noises, Its clutter and whiz of wheel and steam, For woodland quiet and silvery voices, With a forest camp by a crystal stream. O, shrewd are the ways of the town and city.
Cunning in commerce and worldly wise:
But hearts grow hardened to human pity,
And tongues are given to thrifty lies. The feathery arms of firs and spruces

Bend over the waters that glide beneath

And marsh flowers by the quiet sluices

Infold their sweets in a golden sheath.

was a sort of pattern husband, as things And a little cance of fairy lightness Floats silently down the limpid stream, Where the norland birch, in its snowy whitens O'erhangs the rippics that glance and gles Lucy waited very patiently for a whole hour before she began to look for her husband's return; but eight, nine, O peaceful and sweet are forest slumbers, The fragrant couch with the stars above, As the free soul marches to dulcet numbers Through dreamland valleys of song and love. For ever at night a Dorian goddess Glides into my camp with bird-like song, In loosened tresses and starry bodice She rests by my side the whole night long.

She cools my forehead with dainty fingers, And smooths the wrinkles from brow and face With a gentle palm, whose memory lingers About my spirit in every place. On emerald banks thick strewn with pansies We loiter away the dreamy time, And she dowers my soul with woodland fancies That sprout and blossom in rustic rhyme.

Or eavy the music that is held in the?

I sing the ballads she prompts within me,

And have no spite for the "greener leaf." With the loftier bards I have no quarrel,

Why should I covet the laureate

And I rest in the faith that each good fellow Will sometime dwell in another land, Where hearts that are generous, true and mellow Will know each other, and understand.

"Your qualities surpass your charms.

—Language of Flow I passed before her garden gate:
She stood among the roses,
And stooped a little from the state
In which her pride reposes,
To make her flowers a graceful plea
For luring and delaying me.

"When summer blossoms fade so soon," She said with winning sweetness, "Who does not wear the badge of June Lacks something in completeness, My garden welcomes you to-day, Come in and gather, while you may."

I entered in : she led me through
A maze of leafy arches,
Where velvet-purple pansies grew
Beneath the sighing larches,—
A shadowy, still, and cool retreat
That gave excuse for ling ring feet.

-Passed many a flower-bed fitly set In trim and blooming order, And plucked at last some mignonette That strayed along the border: A simple thing that had no bloom, And but a faint and far perfume. She wondered why I would not choose

She did not know-what need to tell

Had won my heart with qualities.
That far surpassed her beauty. I passed outside her garden-gate, And left her preudly smiling: Her roses bloomed too late, too late, She saw, for my beguiling. I wore instead—and wear it yet— The single spray of miguonette.

As she- all ignorant of the arts That wiser maids are plying-That wiser maids are plying— Has crept into my heart of hearts Past doubting or density

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WHOLE NO. 64.

ly was not pretty, and yet I have seen her look beautiful. But it is six or seven years since I last met her, and she has been living in Paris for the last two or three. I suppose she has grown older, and, of course, uglier."

"So, then, she was an old flame us well as an old friend. I don't see what right she has to claim any attention from you now. As a married man, you are exempt from such demands, so you had better stay at home and read for me." Lucy had made use of the worst possible argument. Men never like to believe that their marriage has excluded them from such claims; and when his wife began to talk of rights, Charles So, drawing on his boots, and wrapping himself in his cloak. he prepared to face

her again, with you, to-morrow. I sup-pose we must show her some civility."

A quiet, gentle, wifely creature was Lucy Torrington; pretty and pleasing, devoted to her husband and child, and as happy, after three years of married life, as the trouble of looking after servants and the anxiety about baby's tooth-cutting would allow. Her hus-band, an easy, good-humored, pleasant fellow, was doing what is usually termed. "an excellent business." He was very omestic, never dined out, stud at hor in the evenings, read the newspapers and the last novel, played a little on the flute as an accompanyment to Lucy's somewhat infrequent PIANISMS, (a new word, gentle reader,) and, on the whole,

ten o'clock, and still he did not come She heard the servants fastening up bolts and bars, and she felt half asha that they should discover Mr. Torrington's unwonted absence, so she suffered them to retire, leaving her to wait alone for his coming. Another and another hour passed. Lucy's anxiety had increased to a painful degree; she was sure some accident must have befallen "dear Charles," and she had just given vent to her powerless terror in a flood of tears, when, as the clock was on the stroke of one, the bell rung. Hurrying to the door, she met her husband with a degree of agitation that amazed him.

"Oh, Charles, how could you? We have but one spare room, and you know I expect a visit from sister Mary."

"Mrs. Wharton won't stay long; besides, there is no help for it now—I have invited her, and she will come."

"I wonder she would accept such an invitation without knowing your wife."

"She has lived in Paris long enough is society than the charms of an unsophistic and the state of the sets actresses in society. Very little beauty is required to make a woman a successful couquette. The careful study of effect, the art of making the most of nature's gifts, however small, the adroit vice, and the judicious management of other people's self-love, will do more in society than the charms of an unsophistic state of the self-love.

women I ever met with."

Lucy sighed and said nothing; but she probably thought there were some doubts as to her being charmed with the woman her husband found so very fasci-

embroidered in flowers by Lucy hand; the curtains were white, looped with rose color; and when the comfortawith rose color; and when the comfortaguest. Perhaps so.

Mrs. Wharton liked this free and easy veceiving her friends, but with rose color; and when the compound ble-looking lounging chair was drawn up to the fire, and a pretty little table manner of receiving her friends, but then the white curtains made her look the complained to Charles

health, as is said—probably for his comfort also. I believe that, long before the death of his father made him independent, Harry had repented his precipitate marriage, for neither he nor his wife wore their fetters very meckly."

"Is she pretty Charles?" (What a womanish question.)

"No—yes—no. Indeed, I hardly know to answer you, Lucy. She certainly was not pretty, and yet I have seen lier look beautiful. But it is six or seven

the servants unstrapped her ponderous trunks. How far this infatuation might be carried, and she began to hate Mrs. What infection as much as her gentle nature was she regentle nature was claimed, at length; "but what horrid capable of harboring such a feeling.

"I am going to write to sister Mary, "I am going to w tast engrafted on this preciseness will

Lucy felt that her own timidity of character seemed often like a positive defect. She wished she was more like Mrs. Wharton, and at the same time, she more like herself.

She had gone down stairs to order lunch, which Mrs. Wharton had desired lunch, which Mrs. Wharton had desired "Your ignorance of fashionable life ileges, but a woman, especially a marmight be served in her room, when sudis shown in that remark, Lucy, and I ried woman, cannot be to chary of her denly there was a great bustle through-out the house; bells were rung, servants charitable illusions to our friend. She "I am sure I am not half so familia Lucy looked up from her needlework with a pleasant smile, and as the door closed behind her husband, she thought how handsome he was, and how good it was in him to go out in such weather merely to please an old but half forgotten friend.

A quiet, gentle, wifely creature was

gave so many contradictory directions to the servants, that they ran every way but the right one. Lucy had no suspicion of any deception, but her quiet, determined application of strong hartshorn to the lady's nose, soon induced a recovery. As she opened her eyes, Mrs. Wharton says, you are as demure as a nun in society; and any body would suppose from your cold manners, that they ran every way but the right one. Lucy had no suspicion of any deception, but her quiet, determined application of strong hartshorn to the lady's nose, soon induced a recovery. As she opened her eyes, Mrs. Wharton says, you are as demure as a nun in society; and any body would suppose from your cold manners, that they ran every way but the right one. Lucy had no suspicion of any deception, but her quiet, determined application of strong hartshorn to the lady's nose, soon induced a recovery. As she opened her eyes, Mrs. Wharton says, you are as demure as a nun in society; and any body would suppose from your cold manners, that they ran every way but the right one. Lucy had no suspicion of strong hartshow as a nun in society; and any body would suppose from your cold manners, that they are every ridiculous by your precise notions respecting married life. As Mrs. Wharton says, you are as demure as a nun in society; and any body would suppose from your cold manners, that they ran every ridiculous by your precise notions respecting married life. As Mrs. Wharton says, you are as demure as a nun in society; and any body would suppose from your cold manners, that they ran every ridiculous by your precise notions respecting married life. As Mrs. Wharton is your carly friend, and body wish you would try and resemble her a little metre; you sometimes make me appear very ridi gave so many contradictory directions but frakness and kindness. Indeed, I to the servants, that they ran every way wish you would try and resemble her a

"Lucy, how could you be so indis-reet? Those vile flowers have nearly killed our charming friend," said her, and she burst into tears. Charles,

who never show themselves without it was high time to look into the matter. their armor, she was fond of magnificent Puzzled and perplexed, she sat down to

to get rid of all such foolish notions of etiquette; and as she comes as my intimate friend, she has every reason to expect a welcome from my wife. You will be perfectly charmed with her, Lucy; she is one of the most fascinating health of his "intimate friend" would "Mrs. Wharton is a woman of exquisite taste, Lucy; I hope you will make her room look as pretty as possible."
Such were Mr. Torrington's parting words to his wife as he left her at the

Wharton's appeared to her. Her perfect self-possession, her cool assurance, were something quite new to the gentle, unottrusive wife; and yet they commanded a certain degree of respect, for Lucy felt that her own timidity of charters.

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Wharton's appeared to her. Her perfect same time?"

"He sings so prettily to the guitar."

"Yes he grumbles out his Spanish love songs with an air quite too tender, considering he is addressing a married without mind is always sure to underrate mind, but he who by sheer hard knocks works his own way through the woman."

"He sings so prettily to the guitar."

"Yes he grumbles out his Spanish love songs with an air quite too tender, considering he is addressing a married woman."

"Wherey, Charles, you don't think his without mind is always sure to underrate mind, but he who by sheer hard knocks works his own way through the woman."

"We she grumbles out his Spanish love songs with an air quite too tender, considering he is addressing a married woman."

"We have a provide mind to the sure with the single provide mind to the who by sheer hard knocks works his own way through the without mind is always sure to underrate mind, but he who by sheer hard knocks works his own way through the without mind is always sure to underr

Charles; and litting the window, he un- annoyed by her emotion, which he ceremoniously flung the beautiful bou- understood as a tacit reproach, walked quet into the street.

Lucy's eyes filled with tears, for Charles had never beford spoken to her in so harsh a tone, and she wanted to ask him how she could possibly have imagined that Mrs. Wharton's nerves been called out. She was tenacious of were too delicate to bear the perfume of flowers. Rut she had to much prudence, or, perhaps, too much timidity to reply; her pure devotion to her husband should for a moment the husband looked di and when she saw Mrs. Wharton, a few minutes after, discuss with great apparent relish, a hearty lunch, she could not help feeling that her sufferings had not been very great.

Her pure devotion to her husband should now be brought against her as a reproach. She remembered how often Charles had waited upon Mrs. Wharton to parties and public places, while she remained at home, as it then seemed, from choice, but as it now appeared to Florence Wharton was a sloven from taste and a coquette from calculation. Contrary to the practice of her tribe, with Florence Wharton, but she thought

body in the world, and cried myself sick

"How old were you pray?"
"At a most susceptible age with some oung ladies;—I had just entered my

"And you have never seen him since?"

Wharton means to go,"

"I presume she will remain for a mouth or two yet. The delays of the law must regulate her movements."

"Must she stay here all that time?"

"Must she stay here all that time?"

"Sked Lucy in a tore of alaym."

"I will of anecdote."

"His anecdotes are all told in Spanish for your especial benefit when I am present. I suppose he knows I don't understand his gibberish."

"He sings so prettily to the guitar."

it as a necessity, Lucy. She is a most agreeable woman, and the house has never been half so lively as since she has been our guest. I am sure I never found the time pass so pleasantly. Tell Mary we shall be glad to see her some time in April."

"Mercy, Charles, you don't think his songs are addressed to me? Why, I should just as soon think of making a personal application of the passionate litalian music with which Mrs. Wharton charms you so often."

"Stewart, George Peabody, and George Charms you so often."

We considering the is addressing a married to set a high price upon intellect. And thus it stands that many of those who have grown to great riches by their own exertions have taken every opportunity, like Asa Packer, Pardee, Cornell, A. T. Stewart, George Peabody, and George who in the distribution of the passionate literature in the standard of the standard of the standard of the passionate literature in the standard of substitute for my sister, Charles. Mrs. Charles bit his lip. "Nonsense, Lucy; there is a great difference between us in spring." such matters. A man has certain priv

the storm.

"I shan't be gone more than half an found Mrs. Wharton fainting in the nour, Lucy, for I shall have to call on the arms of Charles Torrington. Of course their impulses than we cold Americans. This is nothing the storm.

Were called, and Lucy running up, has a warm heart, and she has lived with Don Giorgio as Mrs. Wharton is with you."

"I hope not."

"I hope not."

"I don't see any difference, for my the freedom, as you term it, is nothing the storm.

"I shan't be gone more than half an found Mrs. Wharton fainting in the among those who yield more freely to their impulses than we cold Americans. This in the shall have to call on the storm is the storm is the storm in the storm in the storm is the storm in the storm in the storm in the storm is the storm in the st

"Lucy you don't know what you are doing. You will compromise yourself and me by your familiarity with that

me to receive so much attention from "Certainly not: such things are ruin ous to a woman's character "Yet you have suffered me for three months past to receive as my guest a woman whose reputation has long since suffered from such and greater impru For a moment the husband looked dis-concerted. "Circumstances alter cases,"

Mrs. Wharton had occasion to go to Philadelphia on business, and Mr. Torrington was called upon to escort her. They were absent three days, and on his return, Charles found a letter from his to pay a visit to her family in —, there she should remain until Mrs. Wharton left her house, as she could no

ANECDOTES OF PUBLIC MEN.

"Our future leaders—where are they to come from?" was the question of a friend, a short time ago, after an inter-esting discussion on the necessity of se-"Take care, dear Lucy," said Mrs. esting discussion on the necessity of se-Wharton, with a sigh; "it is dangerous curing the best material in the manageto renew such by-gone intimacies; let them pass like dreams, even though they have power to color your whole future life;" and the skilful coquet cast a hurried glance at Charles ere she dropped her fringed lids to hide the eyes which she could not suffuse with tears.

Mr. Torrington looked annoyed, and and felt half angry with his wife, though the could scarcely tell why.

Wharton, with a sigh; "it is dangerous to renew such by gone in the management of government, society and business. We were looking out of the window of my editorial room in Philadelphia. I answered, pointing to the newsboys and bootblacks congregated at the corner of Seventh and Chestnut streets, "There are your future leaders. That little fellow with the curly hair is an embryo merchant; that one with the could scarcely tell why. Lacy left a little annoyed, but she resolutely checked the half-angry feeling and determined to obey her husband's wishes. Her ideal of a sleeping apartment was a combination of all things delicate and pure; therefore her "guest-chamber," (to use a pretty Germanism.) had been fitted up most daintily. The carpet was a white ground, with her morning was unconsciously loitered away in Mrs. Wharton and a respect was a white ground, with her carpet was a cluster of roses dropped with rose color; and when the comparison of the curtains were white, looped with rose color; and when the comparison of the curtains were white, looped with rose color; and when the comparison of the curtains were white, looped with rose color; and when the comparison of the curtains were white, looped with rose color; and when the comparison of the curtains were white, looped with rose color; and when the comparison looked annoyed, and and felt half angry with his wife, though he could scarcely tell why.

"We are going to the opera to-night. Livy, "said he; "I stopped at the box-office as we passed, but could only get be could scarcely tell why.

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"We are going to the opera to-night. Livy," said he; "I stopped at the box-office as we passed, but could only get be could scarcely tell why.

"We are going to the operators of the strong ma shall be delightfully accommodated."
"That is the best box in the house.
Why can't we go there?" asked Mrs.
Wharton, with her usual assurance.
"That would be quite out of the one."

FLUNCTUATIONS OF THE TIED Although the fashionable season at the aside is near its end, the gossip contri-"I don't see any difference, for my part, which should make yon hope not. Mrs. Wharton is your early friend, and Don Giorgio is mine; he used to love me dearly."

"Perhaps he does yet."

cludes those little sketches of domestic comedy which no one dislikes to read, and few trouble themselves to either discredit or verify. One of the last of these more or less imaginative triffes comes to the Boston Traveller from the bathing resort known as Rye Beach, and may be second nature to be so everywhere. retold in regular story form, as follows: In 1869 a young lawyer of St. John, New Brunswick, with excellent professional prospects but no immediate fortune, experienced the not uncommon adversity of a rejection by a lady whom he had ventured to regard and address matrimoially for good manners.

to it a rejection by a tady whom he had ventured to regard and address matrimonially, flinding that another and weatthier suitor in the same case preferred, he bore the disappointment manifully by the aid of incensed pride and transferred his affections to a member of the sex to whom he could look confidently for less mercenary judgment. In a year's time, he was happily married to the object of his second and wiser choice, and she is who had rejected him was united to the gentleman inwhose favor the rejection fiad been made the lawyer's ultimate venture was fortunate for him, as already said; but not so felicitous was the money-loving lady's. Marrying for station, this fair diplomatist soon discovered she had made a serious mistake, and with the news of the wedding of her former admirer came a pang of jealousy and self-reproach teaching her that fact still more are invested. reproach teaching her that fact still more seriously. Thence came between her-self and her husband a coldness and disvent to her powerless terror in a flood of lear, when, as the clock was on the tears, when, as the clock was on the tears, when, as the clock was on the tear, when, as the clock was on the tear, when the hadder than the property of the door, she met her husband with a egree of agitation that sanzeal him.

"What under the beavens is the man description of the property of the prope New Brunswick; the former tearful

The immediate marking out of the The immediate marking out of the boundaries of the various Spanish grants is a subject of far more importance to the community than is the sum of money that the work would cost under the most bungling system of survey. The title to hundreds of thousands of acres of good land is still in a state of uncersisted with the land of the green ing season, which is now calling them back, be one of spiritual refreshment to pastors and people, and of greatly increased activity and success in the prosecution of Christian work in the city.

The stated meeting of the Board of we repeat the assertion, with a firmer conviction of its correctness. If the land had been given, at that time, to the claimants, they would have sold it to settlers, and thus prevented many thousands from leaving the State. We find that many of the original claimants are

RELIGIOUS NEWS

HANNAH MOORE said, "If I wished to THERE is immense wisdom in the old roverb—"He that is slow to anger is etter than the mighty." "What you find to do, do it with your

might." Be diligent in business; do one thing at a time, and finish what you At Keen, New Hampshire, Wedner begin. Let nothing divert your study of the interests of your employer. Make his interest your interest; he will, in time, if not at first, appreciate and re-ward your efforts. Be prompt, temper-ate, industrious; never be "in the drag;" always be up to time or a little ahead. breaking his hip bone and w ting his tongue nearly off. He has recollections of having failen. To punish ourselves for others' faults

is superlative folly. The arrow shot from another's bow is particularly harmless until our thought barbs it. It is our pride that makes another's criticism rankle; our self-will that makes another's deeds offensive; our egotism that is burt by another's selfsertion. Well may we be offen faults of our own, but we can hardly af-ford to be miserable for the faults of Good manners are not learned by ar

pairs of twins, and now eight more, making twelve children in six years. Mrs. Bradle was a triplet, her mother and father both being twins, and her grandmother the mother of five pair of habit of roughness which we cannot lay off if we try, when we go among strangers. The most agreeable people we have ever known in company, are those who are perfectly agreeable at home. Home is the school for all good things, especially for good manners wins. So says the Cincinnati Lancet.

Boston is protesting against the great ning between Montgomory, President lottery scheme devised to pay the defiseriously. Thence came between herself and her husband a coldness and disappearance of all sympathy, and their tacit agreement to control each other no more than the rules of good society die-Wharton left her house, as she could no longer consent to harbor a woman who, by Charles' own account, was guilty of all sorts of imprudences. Charles was thunderstruck at this unwonted energy on the part of Lucy, but when he learned that his wife had gone under the protection of Don Glorgio, his anger knew no bounds. All Mrs. Wharton's fascinations now were powerless. A deep tions now were powerless. A deep tions now were powerless. A deep tions of Don Glorgio in the part of Lucy, but when he learned that his wife had gone under the protection of Don Glorgio, his anger knew no bounds. All Mrs. Wharton's fascinations now were powerless. A deep tions now were powerless. A deep tions now were powerless. A deep tions now were powerless. The softened and in separating the combattant of stated for conversational appearances. In and stated for conversational appearances. In and stated for conversational appearances. In an arrangement like this, under such the purchasers of tickets. The scheme interfered and in separating the combattant of stated for conversational appearances. In and success the purchasers of tickets. The scheme interfered and in separating the combattant of success the purchasers of tickets. The scheme interfered and in separating the combattant of the purchasers of tickets. The scheme interfered and in separating the combattant of the purchasers of tickets. The scheme interfered and in separating the combattant of the purchasers of tickets. The scheme interfered and in separating the combattant and success the purchasers of tickets. The scheme interfered and in separating the combattant is anterfered and in separating the combattant is anterfered and in separating the combattant and success the purchasers of tickets. The scheme interfered and in separating the combattant and success the purchasers of tickets. The scheme interfered and in separating the combattant and several interfered and in separating the combattant and several interfered and in separating the combattant and several interfered an

the stern, uncompromising aspect of an officer guarding a prisoner whom he had were opened to worship on Sunday last, captured. That romance was most effectually ended: and the heroine had turned. By next Sabbath they will be turned. By next Sabbath they will be in their own pulpits and the congregations in the churches, with the exception of those who have permanent summer residences in the country. The extreme heat of the past season has driven the people more generally than ever before to the sea-side and the green state for refreshment. May the open-

good land is still in a state of uncertainty, and must remain so until the land is surveyed. The evils arising from this state of things are numerons. In a previous article, we said that it would have been better for all concerned, if the United States Government had issued a patent for every grant, without further investigation, twenty, years ago. Of course, we referred to the claims that were presented before the Board of Land Commissioners that met in 1851. After a more careful observation of the facts, we repeat the assertion, with a firmer conviction of its correctness. If the land had been given, at that time, to the claimants, they would have sold it to settlers, and thus prevented many thousands from leaving the State. We find that many of the original claimants are

And a distantial recommendation of the control of t

CRIMES AND CASUALTIES.

Illinois, named Hugh Longbran and E. Robinson had an altercation on the street of Wednesday evening, which re-sulted in Robinson having his skull fractured and receiving a pistol ball throug his right shoulder, and Longbran being shot through the lungs.

night a man registered himself at the Eagle Hotel as A. A. Hyde Memphis, Tenn. During the night he jumped, of fell, from the second story balcony A party of masked men went to the

residence of Henry Miller (colored) at Christiana, Rutherford county Penn., on Sunday morning before day, and on his attempting to escape, shot him dead. His offence was begetting a child by a white woman. A colored woman recognized two of the men, who raised their masks, as Elisha Lynch and Joe Elliott, the latter a relative of the wo-man who bore the child. Warrents were ssued for their arrest, but they escaped. On the 21st of August, Mrs Timothy On the 21st of August, Mrs Timothy Bradle, of Trumbull county, Ohio, gave birth to eight children—three boys and five girls. They are all living, and healthy but quite small. Mr. Bradle was married six years ago to Eunice Mowery, who weighed two hundred and seventy-three pounds on the day of her marriage. She has given birth to two pairs of twins and now eight were

intact. A horrible murder occurred in Clark County, Indiana eight miles back of Jeffersonville, Monday night, in which Pat Conroy was stabbed to death by James Crawford. Crawford applied to the proprietors of the cement mills, at Sellerburg for work. Failing to get em-

ployment he charged Conroy of Inter-fering, and threatened to do him harm. Last night Conroy walked into the shed where Crawford was working and, using abusive language,knocked him down and drawing a long bladed knife plunged it nto Conroy near the breast. The wounded man died in a few hours. The murderer was arrested and lodged in the

A personal altercation occurred in is a son-in-law of George A. Threlhom late secretary of the Confederate Trasury. The tragedy grew out of crimina tions and recriminations of a political theorem of the confederate Trasury. The payment of Kaiser W for an autograph letter of the confederate Transuccess.

character. A lamentable tragedy occurred in Ironton, O., last Friday evening, About nine o'clock, J. G. Heitz, a barber on with a navy revolver, but missed her. He then went into the stair landing, with a navy revolver, but missed her. He then went into the stair landing, which went down both ways, and was talking loudly when some men on the pavement at the foot of the stairs told him to be quiet or he would be arrested.

Query for Discoboli: Can "stone-marten" be thrown fur? (If the reader be not very fur-bearing, he will say this is calculated to und-ermine the Queen's English.) pavement at the foot of the stairs told him to be quiet or he would be arrested.

Heitz swore he would shoot the first man who came up stairs. The man stepped back, and just then August Ralbocher, a boy six years old, came along, stopped and looked up the stairs just as Heitz fired. The ball entered the left wide of the here pressure through him entered the left wide of the here pressure through him entered the left wide of the here pressure through him entered. A too-much-married Georgia gentleman is involved in a little legal difficulty on account of having cowhided his mother-in-law and all her daugters, including his wife. Heitz fired. The ball entered the left side of the boy, passing through him on the pavement, where it was found. The boy lived until four o'clock Sunday morning. Heltz was arrested on Saturday night by the sheriff. He drew his revolver, but the sheriff knocked his arm up, tripped and secured him.

"Autique furniture", is in great demand at the manufacturing upholsterers, this season. By antick furniture is meant probably that belonging to the "medium" ages.

In the case of the California lady whom manifestly, none but the weak deserved, they havn't yet succeeded in getting The particulars of the terrible murder committed just west of Columbus are as follows: Robert Dunlop, employed on the tarm of W. B. Hawks, a man of dissolute habits and brutal passions when ife of infide.

the farm of W. B. Hawks, a man of dissolute habits and brutal passions when drunk, has for some time suspected his wife of infidelity, and had threatened to wite of inherity, and had threatened to kill James Carpenter a young man of ex-cellent habits acting as superintendent of Hawke's farm. Tuesday morning Dunlop's wife, saw Dunlop come out of the house with a double barreled shot gun in his hand, and fearing mischief, he begged him not to Dunlop then went to corn crib, thewhere Carpenter was at work, and in a moment after she heard the report of the gun and the scream of a man. Dunlop then returned to where his wife was standing and fired the other barrel at her, just grazing her back, and setting her clothes on fire. He then beat her over the head on fire. He then beat her over the head with the gun, breaking the gun stock to splinters. He then made his escape On going to the corn crib soon after, Carpenter was found dead, his face buried in his hat, which was full of blood. A wound in his left breast where the contents of the gun entered was ghastly levising in the systems about the size.

looking in the extreme, about three inches long and two wide. The shot passed through the heart, and must have killed him instantly. Carpenter's family connections are prominent citizens here and his habits have been such as to make it has been such as to make it and to visit the Fair grounds and Another horrible deed has been per-Another horrible deed has been perpetrated in the vicinity of Reims, in France. An assistant butcher, Garrel, twenty-four, having been discarded by his sweetheart on account of his lazy and reprobate habits, happened to fall in with another young woman, a factory girl, with whom he had kept company before. He took her out into the cornfields one evening to explain to her the nature of the dispute, and to make her

Mailton De POR ANGEN. Two well known citizens of Chester Motto for city mail delivery : "Post tot Mr. Stanley will begin lecturing in America next January. Child's play between Germany and France-Pique About.

Brass is the suggestive name of an editor of the Nord Deutsche Gasette. A new era in Russian affairs-Chol-era which has broken out there again. The bootblacks and newsboys of Cincinnati have organized a benevolent as-A fac-simile of the Temple of Solor

is to be one of the attractions of the World's Fair at Vienna. Mynheer Koor, a violinist who is paid high in the Pays Bas, is coming to make a tour of America next year. Our orthodox medical adviser say that a better system than homopathy could have been devised by h'any man. Kaiser Wilhelm is so anxious to see Germany wholly great that he objects to have any of his subjects hemi-grate. A man at Cannolton, Indiana, has been she wasn't as plump as she made herself

What sort of people are they who have formed a company for cauning turtles in Texas? Why, "canny Scots," we per-Miss Kate Field asserts that women without tact should die; Miss Anthony on the contrary, thinks they should die A timid Kentucky swam has just screw

ed up his courage to the "popping" place after twenty-seven years of courting his namorata. A snow fence is building along the whole extent of the Northern Pacific Railway, even though there was snow fence before.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Ed-inburg has composed a waltz which of course, is turning the heads of all class-es of society. Bismarck is said to be in favor of es-tablishing a penal colony, whither crim-inals may be transported, on this side of the Atlantic.

ADVERTISING RATES

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Since the "Petroleuses" of the Com-mune have been found to be all old wo-men, their incendiarism is attributed to

kerosnelle dementia The antiquity of balloon ascensions 1s considered as proven, by the historical fact that Moses was constantly planning what Aaron ought to do. Mr. Charles Sumner has arrived in short time. His health has been much improved by his voyage.

for an autograph letter of Washington is expected to stimulate the production of original epistles by the Father of his Country. The poor Indian complains that loco

motives frighten away his game. It may be so with buffalo and deer, but he cer-tainly has increased facilities for railshooting.

A too-much-married Georgia

"Antique furniture" is in great de mand at the manufacturing upholsterers, this season. By antick furniture is meant probably that belonging to the

Roxbury, Conn., exultingly proclaim the discovery of a "valuable mine of pure steel." We should'nt wonder if some clever Yankee were next to find a brass mine, or one of pure type-metal.

The great original sea scrpent is said to have been at last identified as a monstrous species of eel, by no means rare in South Africa waters, which sometimes attains the length of forty feet.

House at Louisville on Thursday. His visit was only on private business and he was to leave for Baltimore on Friday, and to visit the Fair grounds and see

A New Haven organist has reinvented the musical instrument composed of sticks and straw, over which a series of dead and buried professors used to per-spire for the edification of the concert